

TO ARMS!

OR,

THE BRITISH RECRUIT.

A

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

AS PERFORMED

At the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

By THOMAS HURLSTONE,

Author of the Comic Opera of

JUST IN TIME.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Interlude is the production of a few hours.—Should it render any advantage to the very respectable Comedian, for whom it was written, by introducing a temporary novelty on his *night*, and pass without censure, the intentions of the Writer are completely answered.—Whatever its faults may be, it will at least have the merit of introducing to the public some very charming music, by those justly admired Composers SHIELD and GIORDANI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SERGEANT OF GRENADIERS.

Mr. JOHNSTONE.

RORIN REDHEAD.

Mr. MUNDEN.

CAPIAS, AN ATTORNEY.

Mr. FAWCETT.

LIEUTENANT IN THE NAVY.

Mr. DARLEY.

SERGEANT OF MARINES.

Mr. GRAY.

SUSAN.

Mrs. MARTYR.

WHEELWRIGHTS, SPORTSMEN, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and
COUNTRY WOMEN.

TO ARMS!

OR THE

BRITISH RECRUIT.

SCENE, *A Village.*

On one side a Wheelwright's Workshop—on the other a Cottage, and in the center of the stage, the Trunk of an old hollow tree.—Time about sunrise.

ROBIN and two other wheelwrights at work in the shed sing the following Trio :

Hither pamper'd pride and folly,
View our daily task of life,
Learn to laugh at melancholy,
Safe from danger as from strife.
Health, content, our bosoms chearing,
Here no worldly cares annoy,
Fickle fortune, never fearing,
Love and labour are our joy.

ROBIN. Now lads let's to breakfast.

[Exeunt two Wheelwrights.]

Enter SUSAN from the Cottage.

SUS. I wonder you are not ashamed Robin, to make such a croaking just under one's window so early—'tis more monstrous than a rainy morning to milk in.

ROBIN. Ay, ay, every thing about me is monstrous to you, since that puppy *Capias*, the lawyer's clerk, came down to our village, and turn'd the linch-pin of your affections from me.

SUS. I beg, Sir, you'll not make so free with your betters—

ROBIN. He my betters!—thank you for that—what tho' Sir Nicholas Nimrod has given him leave to hunt his hounds whilst his worship is working the wheels of the nation, with the other parliament members in London—Master *Capias*, or whatever his cursed name be—is no better a man than I am—he labours with his *pen*—I with my *hammer*—and egad, tho' mine's the most *striking*, it may be the least *dangerous* tool of the two.

SUS. Hold your tongue you blockhead.

ROBIN. I'd rather have a blockhead, than a blackheart.

SUS. Mr. *Capias* will perhaps one day become a big Lord Chancellor, or some other great body.

ROBIN. Lord help his little knavish soul—he Judge of Sizes?—he's more likely to want a cast of my trade to make a *cart*, than a *state coach* for him!

*[The French Horns of a Hunting Party
are heard without]*

Ay there he is, just in at the death, and may be your unkindness Susan, will one day or other cost me my poor life!

SUS.

SUS. Poh! I desire that you'll have done with your nonsense and leave me.

ROBIN. I will, and perhaps for ever.

[Horns sound again.]

[Exit. SUSAN into the Cottage, and ROBIN into the Workshop.]

Enter CAPIAS, and a party of Sportsmen.

GLEE.

Cease your full toned sprightly horns,
The hare no more will rise,
The sportsman true all triumph scorns;
Poor pufs, alas! now dies.
Your mettled hunters quick draw in,
The hounds have ceased their cries,
Then homeward let us bend our way,
Till morn again shall rise.

[Exeunt Sportsmen.]

CAPIAS Solus.

CAP. Ejected from the sports of the field, I must now to the office, and mount the stool at my desk, in pursuit of more profitable game—but first I'll have a *consultation* with the *femme sole* of this *tenement*, and proceed in my *action* of *trespass* on her heart—tho' perhaps all I shall get for commencing the *suit* will be a kifs for my *cost*.

Enter SUSAN.

Ah my little marygold, why you are as clean and neat this morning as a sheet of parchment before 'tis engrossed.

SUSAN. Lord, Mr. Capias, you have such a nice, sweet, lovely way of paying pretty compliments.

[ROBIN enters and conceals himself in the old tree, peeping through a hole.]

CAP.

CAP. You really look like Diana, the goddess of the chace.

ROBIN. Now is he comparing her to old Dina, the fat red-faced landlady, who keeps the Horse and Hounds in the Dale. [Aside.

SUSAN. You had better walk in Sir, and refresh yourself after your ride—you seem tired.

CAP. Not an *item*, the simple hare of a *defendant* did not understand sufficiently the chicanery of the chace—of course we easily got *judgement* against her—she never put in even bush *bail*, or a single *false plea* for her life.

ROBIN. The more shame for you to take it then, you savage puppy. [Aside.

CAP. But come my sweet creature, say will you at once *non suit* the cause of that hewer of wood, that fellow Robin.

ROBIN. Fellow ! thank my stars I'm not your fellow, master Cutter of Quills, however. [Aside.

CAP. Make me happy, and go with me to London, and I'll introduce you to *Lord Coke upon Littleton*, and all my other great visiting friends—you shall outdress every belle from Clement's Inn to Westminster Hall, and ride in your own carriage.

ROBIN. If she does poor girl, I fear she'll soon walk the street on foot. [Aside.

CAP. Can you say no ?

SUSAN. No, (*languishingly*.)

CAP. Then prepare to set off to-morrow.

ROBIN. No, I'll set off master pounce box—I can bear it no longer—from hence I bid farewell to my shop and the village for ever, and hereafter will toil in the field of honour for my King and Country. [Robin retires.

SUSAN. Ride in my own carriage ! O dear ! O dear !

AIR I.

AIR I.

When I'm become a Lady fine,
 In dress and jewels how I'll shine !
 Will bid adieu to vulgar cares,
 And give myself a thousand airs :—
 Nod, simper, giggle, ogle, sigh,
 And at some favourite wink an eye,
 Despising all the world's reproach,
 When I shall ride in my own coach.

II.

I'll flaunt and jaunt throughout the day,
 And haste at night, to rout or play ;
 Have vapours, and near sighted grow,
 Be lame, or deaf, as fashions go :
 Embrace each tonish dress that's wore,
 That adds behind, or swells before,
 And with *tin*-shield defend my waist,
 Like Ladies of the highest taste.

SUSAN. But had we not better be out-asked
 in church here, and then go to London.

CAP. O no we'll have a letter of licence from
 Love, and so save the clerical fees.

SUSAN. But you mean to marry me?

CAP. Not I upon my *affidavit* — [*aside*] —
 Lord Child how could you think of such an old-
 fashion'd thing—if I was a proctor indeed I might
 have no objection to the word *matrimony*—but
 I can't think of another branch of the legal profes-
 sion being enriched—and that egad too, perhaps,
 in some degree at my own *cost*.—

SUSAN. And have I lost the love of poor Ro-
 bin for such a creature?

DUET.

D U E T.

CARIA'S Fie, my charmer, with me go
To great London's famous City
There to shine in dress and show
And in carriage fine and pretty—

SUSAN Vile Seducer---I'll not go
To your famous town of London---
All your arts, and promis'd show
Only aim to have me undone.---

Both

CAPPAIS—) Fie, my Charmer, &c.

SUSAN — } Vile Seducer, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Part of the Village with a View of the Sea.*

[Enter ROBIN with a stick and bundle.]

AIR.

Let the axis of fortune move round how it may,
Greas'd by *Faro* at night, or *Newmarket* by day,
To me 'twas the same, for I'd scorn to conceal.
The safe process by which honest men turn the *wheel*.
With a thump thump thump thump thump thump.

I despise much the fellow whose *name* is not sound,
'Tho' in riches and grandeur howe'er he abound;
But honor that worth, which a poor man can feel,
And gladly would give him a *spoke* for his *wheel*.

With a thump thump, &c.

To my country e'er true, tho' thus humble my lot,
Firm loyalty still found a place in my cot;
No traitor I harbour'd, or gave him a meal,
No damn me, I'd *drive* a rough *spoke* in his *wheel*.

With a thump thump, &c.

But, since SUE proves unkind, from my comfort I go,
Yet, a comfort I have in the midst of my woe;
Tis' that ROBIN's own life—tho' a poor simple thing,
May yet serve dear SUSAN—his COUNTRY, and KING.

Wump thump, &c.

[Drums of a recruiting party beating up—Without.
Yes,

Yes, I am now resolved to enter, but whether into the army or navy, devil take me if I can determine—did I know in which I could render most service to my country, I could easily decide.—

Here one of them comes—and a fierce dog I'll warrant ye!

MARCH.—*Enter Serjeant of Grenadiers and Recruiting Party.*

ROB. Sir your servant.

SERG. Well my little friend, are you inclined to enlist for a grenadier?

ROB. I have a heart big enough.—

SERG. Which is the best internal qualification for a soldier, and in addition you possess all the external requisites—why your very head is a complete *red hot ball*.

ROB. May be so—and yet 'tis much *cooler* perhaps than you imagine.

SERG. Coolness and courage should be ever united—you'll soon rank with the halberds.

ROB. Thank you—I am a afraid I should not be tall enough for such a Companion, I'll be content with Brown Bess.

SERG. Give me your hand—you'll go with me then.

ROB. Mayhap I may.

SERG. That's my little Trojan.

ROB. Trojan!—damme I'm an Englishman.

SERG. Ay, and a brave one too.

ROB. A brave one! did you ever know a coward bear the name?

SERG. Never—therefore come with me, my lad—Lord—I'll introduce you to Mars.

ROB. *Lord Mars!*—Lord blefs me! Is he a greater man than Capias's *Lord Coke upon Littleton?*

SERG

SERG. Unquestionably—Mars is the God of battles—come then with me—and I'll shew you the glorious life of a soldier!

AIR:

'Tis honor invites you—her summons obey,
To true martial fame she will lead you the way;
Then quick to her standard with courage repair,
Your country to fight for—her laurels to share.

Old England's just cause,
Her Freedom and Laws,
So noble in acts and in story;
Each bosom should warm,
Each Briton should arm,
Since Right is her aim and her Glory.

ROB. Don't give yourself the trouble to say any more, I'll be a grenadier.

[A boat appears, from which the Lieutenant and Crew land.—While the music plays Rule Britannia.]

LIEU. Here's as tight a little fellow as ever went aloft—what say you messmate, will you make one in manning the wooden walls of Old England?

ROBIN. Wooden walls—I was always fond of timber, and have cut up many an inch in my time.—

LIEU. Enter with me then, and you shall soon cut up the enemy by the foot—yard-arm and yard-arm!

SERG. He prefers the land service.—

LIEU. What to that of the Navy?

ROBIN. What a man of consequence I must be! Which way shall I direct my valour! Zounds, I wish I could divide myself and serve in both.

LIEU. Come!—When on shore, we Sailors are all mirth, and when on board all happiness;—what courage is hoisted in our hearts, and what joy
flashes

flashes in every countenance, when the signal is given to engage the enemies of our country.

AIR.

Prepare—prepare—the foe's in fight,
And down upon us bear;
We'll seek true glory in the fight,
And death or honor share.
The battle's fierce—the vaulted sky,
The cannons shocks rebound,
Our lightnings flash, our grape shot fly,
And conquest beams around.

ROBIN. I have made up my mind—I was born for a sailor that's positive.

Drums of a third recruiting party heard without.

What's that—Zounds, the enemy have landed.

[Seizes the swords of the Lieutenant and Serjeant, and stands in a fighting position.]

LIEU. No my brave fellow, they will never dare to invade our sea girt Isle.—

SERJ. But rather tremble at our attacking them in their own territories.—

[He returns the swords.]

March.—Enter SERJEANT of Marines and party.

ROB. What are these little sprightly Bobtails?

LIEU. Marines—

MAR. Yes, a Corps in which are united the pleasures of a naval and military life, and in some degree the services of both.

ROB. 'Egad, the very thing I wished for—

MAR. Come then my spirited bantum, make one on our muster roll.—

AIR,

Huzza—Huzza—Mars leads the way
To great renown my boys—
Recruits become, at beat of drum,
And taste a soldier's joys—

When

When vict'ry round the trumpets found,
 What shouting rends the air!
 Your valour high, mounts to the sky,
 And spreads it's triumph there.

ROB. There's nothing like variety, I'm *your* man—no offence I hope gentlemen—as I can't oblige you all.

SERG. }
 and } Not the least.
 LIEU. }

[A Marine puts a cockade in his hat.

LIEUT. Why so melancholy?

ROB. Only at leaving that Devils limb Capias behind: for he'll do more mischief, than I can good.

MAR. There's the bounty—[*gives money.*]

ROB. No, that won't do master Sergeant—I must have the honour to be a volunteer—therefore take back your money.

MAR. For what purpose?

ROB. To give it as a poor, but honest fellow's mite, for the relief of the widows and children our brave comrades may leave behind them.

SERG. Why so my sturdy fellow?

ROB. Because what I merit, I shall receive from my king and country—if I fall I shall not want it—and it may prove a *chip* of comfort to those who *do*.

LIEU. That's my heart of oak.

Enter SUSAN and Villagers.

SERG. Our drums have brought the whole inhabitants of the village round us.

ROB. And amongst the rest, poor Susan.

SUSAN. Oh! Robin, I have deceived you.

ROB. Deceived me---no; you only deceived yourself.

SUSAN.

SUSAN. I think so—and from hence let me be your's for ever.

SERG. He is now enlisted—'till his return my pretty girl, I'll take you under my protection.

ROBIN. Thank you kindly—I am a soldier and will protect her myself—what say you, Susan, will you follow my fortune when I am a *red Lobster*.

SUSAN. All the world over.

ROB. Why then you shall bear my light heart and purse, while I carry the musket and knapsack;—and when the day's march is over, we'll always be quartered together by the billet of love!

SUSAN. Most willingly—

[CAPIAS brought in by the Boat's Crew struggling.]

LIEUT. But what kicking fish have we here?

CAP. Where's your *writ*?—shew me the *red tail*—I say its no *caption*, and I'll tickle you for this false *arrest*, damme!

ROB. Why it's neighbour Capias as I live Susan! going to sea as a *volunteer*!

CAP. What are you *nabb'd* too?

ROB. What do you mean by *nabb'd*, I'm not in a Lawyers clutches.—

CAP. But they don't make such a bustle with you!

ROB. Oh no! I go as a private man—but they know you are to be the *Lord High Chancellor* of the Ocean!

SUS. Lord, Mr. Capias—how grand you will travel now by water from Clement's Inn to Westminster Hall! [*jeeringly*.]

LIEUT. What is this strange fellow after all?

CAP. What?—if you must know Sir, I am a *limb* of the *law*.

LIEUT.

LIEUT. That's the limb we may best spare to a chain shot in action. [*laugh.*]

CAP. But this is d—d hard *practice* Sir, to be *plaintiff* in an action of *assault*, and pay one's own costs.

LIEUT. Keep your anger for the enemy—we shall all be good friends, over a Saturday night's bowl, to wives and sweethearts! But see my lads, the British fleet is now under way to seek the enemy; though we are detained for the next division, let us pipe those gallant crews that lead the van—our best wishes for success!

[*A fleet of men of war are seen sailing before the wind (Admiral Gardner's) salute guns firea &c. during which the band play Britons strike home.*]

A Dance of Soldiers, Sailors, and Country Girls, whilst the chorus is sung.—

SEMI CHORUS.

May each eve, and dawning day,
Give to England greater sway,
To her King a glorious name,
To her cause eternal fame!

FULL CHORUS.

Britons, to ARMS—to ARMS!
Valour each bosom warms
New fame to sing—
On land, and o'er the main,
Fresh laurels we will gain,
Fir'd with our loyal strain—
GOD SAVE THE KING!

F I N I S



